

VOL. LII. No. 1348

PUCK BUILDING, New York, December 31st, 1902.  
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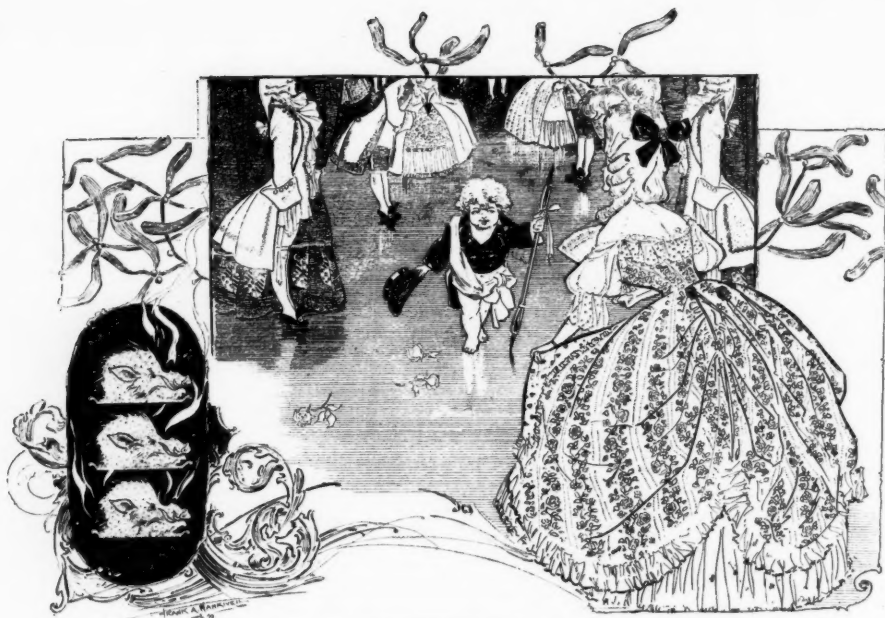


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491 B. C. — 1902 A. D.

A LONG TIME BETWEEN DRINKS.



#### INVESTIGATING THE DELAY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—And it took Noah a hundred years to build the Ark.

STREET ARAB.—What was the matter—was there a strike?

#### LOGIC AND LOVE.

A man of great native shrewdness, albeit quite unrefined, had occasion in the course of business to propose marriage to a beautiful girl.

"But," faltered the beautiful girl, who was not born yesterday, herself, "you are a bourgeois boor, while I am extremely sensitive. You would make me very unhappy."

Now the man being, as already intimated, very shrewd, did not lose his head and promise to reform.

On the contrary.

"Certainly!" quoth he. "If you marry me, you won't have any trouble finding a publisher for your diary."

Of course the beautiful girl could not stand up against any such logic as this, and so they were married.



#### ALL ABOARD FOR THE MILLENNIUM!

FELLOW-CITIZENS. — Upon this, the birth of a new year, let us resolve:

Never again to ask our wife what she did "with all that five dollars" we gave her three months before;

To own up, without equivocation, that

we were asleep in church;

Not to attempt to eat the things that we know do not agree with us;

To stop reading a paper that we do not like, instead of forever grumbling over it;

Not to complain about our neighbor's chickens, when our own dog runs loose;

To respect our wife's opinion when it is contrary to ours;

To refrain from demanding, "What is the matter with the dinner?" when, if we looked at the clock, we would see that it is not yet time for it;

Not to deride ping-pong—and then adopt it;

Not to tell the President what he ought to do;

To admit that other persons' motives are as good as ours;

Then to die right away quick, ere our halo becomes tarnished.

Edwin L. Sabin.

#### A SUGGESTION

"It seems the labor unions don't want to be incorporated."

"Well—er—why can't J. P. Morgan incorporate them without their consent?"

#### COST OF CONSTRUCTION.

"Do you know what this railroad cost per mile?"

"No! But I know what it cost per alderman!"



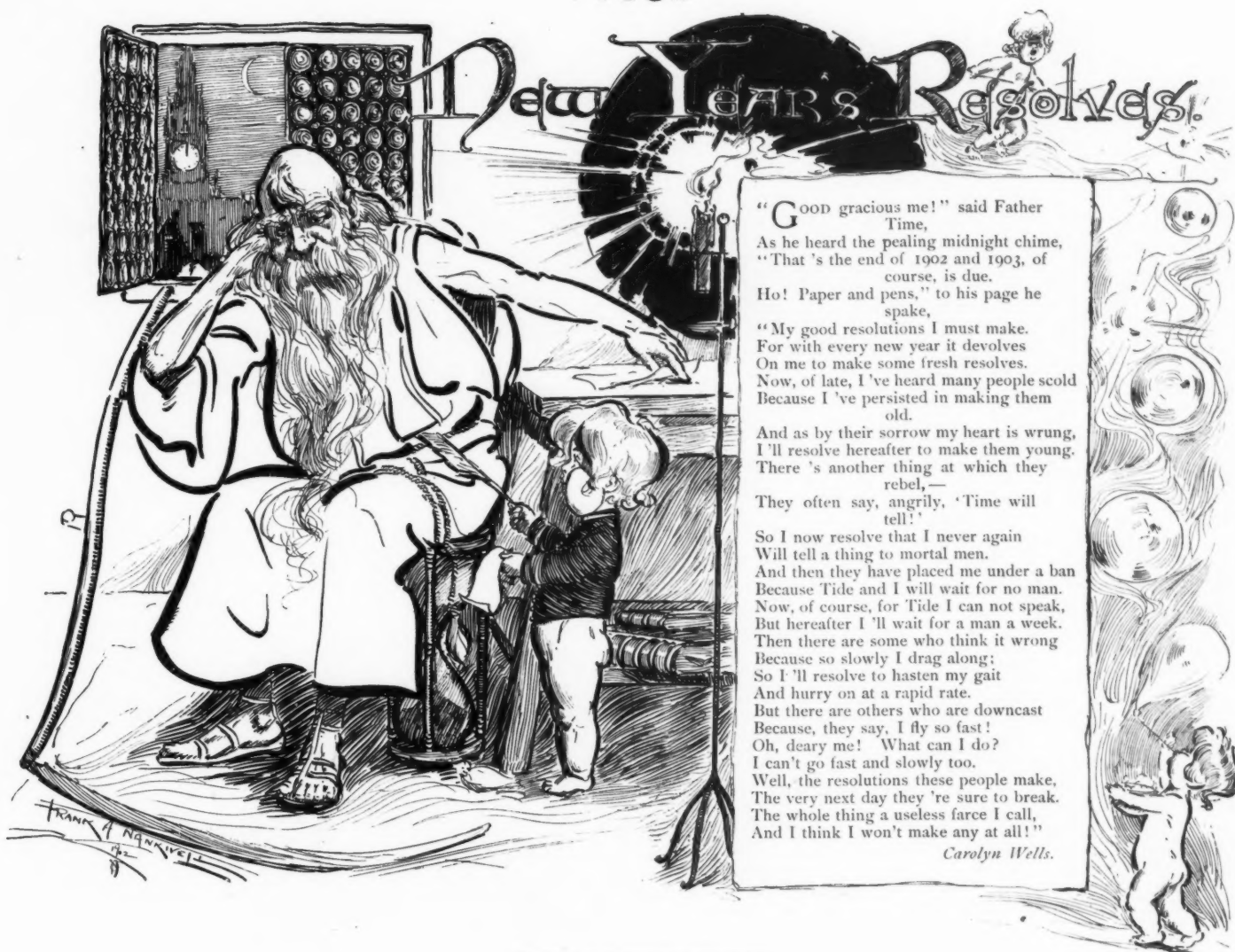
#### A CONFESSION.

OFFICER HOGAN.—An' do yez raly miss me av an avenin' whin Oi don't dhrop in?

KATY KEEGAN.—Faith, Oi do! Sometoimes Oi almost fee loike shtayin' in whin it 's me day out!

**B**ut, after all, the concentration of wealth into a few hands is about all that saves a good many of us from being snobs.





## THE STRIKE OF 1910.

THE Amalgamated Chauffeurs of America, having organized, presented their demands, as follows:

1st. Restriction of immigration and protection against the pauper chauffeurs of Europe. (The Multimillionaire Automobilists of America, also organized, promised to use their influence with Congress to secure legislation for this purpose.)

2d. Shorter hours.

3d. Higher pay.

4th. Extra pay for manslaughter.

5th. Double pay for time spent in jail as a result of manslaughter.

6th. Extra pay for time consumed when the automobile breaks down in saying "Sapristi!" "Sacrebleau!" "Donner und Blitzen!" "Be Jabbers!" "Hully Gee!" or their Anglo-Saxon equivalents; also, for time spent, if any, in fixing up the automobile.

7th. Mileage for walking home, at the rate of one hundred dollars per mile.

The Multimillionaires objected that the expense of automobiling, including fines, repairs, damage suits, etc., was such that they could not afford any increased compensation to the chauffeurs. The latter at once went on strike and for several months there was intense

suffering on both sides. Automobile owners were compelled to let their own chauffeurs; and, while many of them would have been quite pleased to run their machines if they had not been compelled to do it, still, when thus driven to it by stern necessity, it became exceedingly painful. Quite a number, indeed, refrained from using their automobiles at all. On the other hand, the privations of the striking chauffeurs were extreme. Some went through the entire Winter without being able to indulge in a high-ball. Some obtained

situations as gripmen and motormen, their skill in running down the public making them peculiarly eligible for such positions. Others were almost forced to seek humdrum occupations, unflavored by any spice of danger to the community at large.

Arbitration was suggested, but public sentiment opposed the idea strenuously. For years the man in the street had not been in so little danger of being automobilized and the situation was quite satisfactory to him. Under these circumstances, no eminent citizen with a political future could afford to act as arbitrator.

Eventually, however, mutual concessions were made and the strike was ended satisfactorily. Both sides breathed deep sighs of relief and the suffering masses prepared to take their lives in their hands once more.

Wm. E. McKenna.

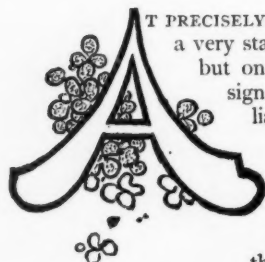


## AN EQUAL CLAIM.

MR. RABBIT.—That man over there is quite a swell. His grandfather's bust is in the Hall of Fame!

MR. BUNNY.—I don't see anything so great about that. My uncle's skeleton is in the Museum of Natural History!

THE CLOCK OF HYACINTH AVENUE.



AT PRECISELY 7:40 A. M., Mr. Williamson Wyckoff passed by. Not a very startling act, you will say, even in somnolent Urbanedge; but on this particular Winter morning an act of the utmost significance. Being a small, unassuming person, Mr. Williamson Wyckoff seldom indulged in significant acts and, doubtless, had anyone warned him, he would have refrained from indulgence in this case. But, as no one did so, he passed by, modestly and respectfully, at 7:40.

Williamson Wyckoff's shingled domicile was just over the ridge. In every suburban-35-minutes-from-the-city-hall-colony it remains for someone to live on the outskirts of the settlement; out where the new macadam meets the rough old road and long lines of sombre trees stretch out on either side; embattled, as it were, against the march of modern improvements. The woods back of Urbanedge looked out upon the home of Williamson Wyckoff. The house of Wyckoff, in turn, looked out upon Hyacinth Avenue, a long, newly-built thoroughfare of concrete and curb which led from the hilltop down to the depot.

On the morning when Williamson Wyckoff passed by Hyacinth Avenue belied its name. Snow and slush, with hidden pools of water, made it anything but suggestive of Spring bloom, and the male inhabitants of Urbanedge, looking out of their respective windows before breakfast, became pessimists immediately.

"It's a nice day," Mr. Oliver Easton observed, as he grimly fastened his collar. "It's twenty minutes to eight," said his practical wife; "you've overslept again."

"What?" Oliver Easton delivered the latter partly as a scoff, partly as a challenge. Then the futility of argument forcibly struck him and he gave vent instead to his customary morning call:

"I don't want any eggs. No. Never mind the toast. It'll take too long to make. So'll oatmeal. Get out that box of ready-masticated, pre-digested cereal; give me a cup of coffee and let it go at that. I've got fifteen minutes to eat and make the train."

"I think it's mean," said his wife, as she flew about, "the way you have to hurry every morning. I hate to eat my breakfast all alone."

"Can't help it, my dear," Mr. Easton answered; "time, tide and trains, you know, wait for no man. Least of all, a suburbanite. Hello! —if there is n't Wyckoff passing by. That's funny! His train's the 7:32; mine's the 8:05. Our clock must be fast."



READY TO MAKE CONCESSIONS.

FRIEND.—It is hard to realize one's ideals.

ARTIST.—Yes, indeed! I wish I could compromise with my ideals at fifty cents on the dollar!



UGHT TO KNOW.

MR. FURST-NYTER.—Just as I thought! The whole house is sold out.  
HIS WIFE.—Well! Ask him which speculator outside has the orchestra seats!

"All the same," Mrs. Easton advised, "I would n't wait. I'd hurry if I were you. I don't mind eating breakfast alone a bit."

"No," was her husband's reply; "the train can wait till I drink another coffee. Beside, I've barrels of time. Wyckoff is better than a watch."

Thereupon Oliver Easton, suburbanite, sipped his Java leisurely, toyed with the spoon meditatively, stroked the cat's head affectionately and dilated reminiscently upon the commendable promptness of Williamson Wyckoff, who lived just over the ridge.

"I've timed myself by him," he said, "every morning since we've lived here and never missed the 8:05 yet."

A locomotive whistle cut the Winter air.

"The — er — up freight is a trifle early to-day," he remarked, as he donned his coat; "the 8:05 usually passes her below here."

Still, it was a trifling matter and not worthy of thought. Hyacinth Avenue, downhill all the way and replete with slush, was enough to think of.

"Hello! Was afraid I'd missed you."



# PUCK



## THE SCALE OF PRICES.

"Gosh! I wonder how much it 'll cost to see them on the stage?"  
 "Tin, twinty an' thirty cints more 'n it 's wor-rth."

It was Benders who spoke; Benders, just opening his front gate.  
 "Thought I was late," he continued; "must have been the clock that was off. Do you know, I've followed you to the 8:05 every morning since I've known you and never missed it yet. My wife says you're a model."

"T ain't me," said Easton, modestly; "it 's Wyckoff, up on the hill. I follow Wyckoff. He takes the 7:32 and that gives me barrels of time."

Cl-lick! Slam!

Two front doors—substantial storm doors—opened and shut on Hyacinth Avenue, and two gentlemen of middle age stepped out upon snow-lined porches.

"They've just gone by," said one middle-aged gentleman, "so that gives me all the time I want to catch the 8:20 local. Beats clocks."

"Let me see," said the other middle-aged gentleman, "I usually follow Benders. He takes the 8:05. That ought to make it just eight now. I'll set my watch."

Then two middle-aged gentlemen started along Hyacinth

Avenue, just as two very much younger gentlemen climbed the steps of Urbanedge station, their footfalls sounding loud on the frosty platform.

"Earlier than I thought," was Oliver Easton's satisfied comment. "Tell you there 's nothing like it."

"Kinder late this mawnin', suh."

Whose words were those? With feelings of deep resentment Oliver Easton faced the station porter.

"Train gone?"

"Which train, suh?"

"The 8:05."

"Fo' de lawd, yes; she lef' at 8:08."

"Well, then, how long before the 8:20?"

"'Morrow mawnin', suh. She 's gone, too. Be'n gone ten minnits."

Oliver Easton was leaning against something. He realized it. He felt it. It was Benders.

"See anything of one Wyckoff around here to-day?" he asked.

"Mistah Wyckoff? Yes, suh. He 's over in d' barbah-shop, gettin' his hair cut. He ain't goin' down this mawnin', suh."

Gradually, but surely, a dim ray of intelligence penetrated the Eastonian intellect.

"The next train," said the intellect's owner, consulting his time-table, "is 9:33. What was it your wife called me?"

"A model," said Benders, briefly. "I shan't say anything. Look! Here comes the broken mainspring of the great suburban clock."

With open, child-like countenance Williamson Wyckoff was leaving the barber-shop.

"Ah!" he said, cheerily. "Taking your time this morning, I see. So'm I, for that matter. Passed by your place half-an-hour later 'n usual. Taking a day off."

At precisely 8:45 A. M. Williamson Wyckoff, on the way up Hyacinth Avenue, passed two middle-aged gentlemen hastening down.

"Good-morning," said Williamson Wyckoff, politely; "in a hurry?"

"Yes," said the first middle-aged gentleman; "we're afraid we 'll miss the 8:20."

But Williamson Wyckoff did not hear him. He had passed by.

A. H. F.



## WHY, INDEED.

"Why the devil can't yez be more careful?"  
 "Careful? I 'm as careful as you!"  
 "But why the devil can't yez be more careful?"



## A FAIR PROPOSITION.

"Why hast thou brought me no silver?"

"Nay, dame, we have no silver; but if thou, with thy magic, canst put some in our pockets, we will gladly divide it with thee!"

**We are all in favor of peace on earth but there are some hot disagreements about how to get it.**

PUCK



JUST AS BAD.

SHE.—Do you believe automobiles are as dangerous as they're said to be?

HE.—Oh, sure! A fellow can get engaged in one of them as easily as he used to in the old-fashioned buggies.

MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME.

"But the British industries are beginning to study American methods."

"Oh, yes! They realize that their early education has been neglected."

SACRE BLEU!

"It has been proposed in the French Chamber of Deputies to abolish all titles in France."

"It strikes me we ought to make a naval demonstration. There is good American money invested in those titles."



# PUCK



## PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,  
Publishers and Proprietors.  
Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,  
New York.

Wednesday, December 31, 1902.—No. 1348.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE NATION's greeting to President Roosevelt! Whether its wish, "Many happy returns of the day" is to be altered later on to "Many returns of your term" depends largely upon the next two years and their chapter of Republican achievement. The problems which confront the President are knotty in the extreme. Their solution, moreover, rests largely with Congress. If Congress bestirs itself, shakes off its systematic lethargy and does something in accordance with the President's message, the President will share generously in the Nation's gratitude. If, on the other hand, Congress continues its policy of pigeon-holing and bluff legislation, the President, inevitably, will share the political consequences, blameless though he may be. Undeniably true it is that the Republican party is under close surveillance. As shown by Democratic gains, the voters of the land have placed a time limit on delay and inactivity. What they demand instead is not unreasonable. An honest effort, they insist on, toward trust regulation—not trust destruction. A reduction, they ask for, of obsolete tariff rates; rates which purposely were made high by Dingley in view of future reciprocity—reciprocity which never materialized. In short they demand less campaign oratory and self praise and more real results after campaigns are over. President Roosevelt, in his message, gave the Republican party a hint, which it remains for the Republican party to take. Otherwise, more than a hint may be given by the people.

### DOWN WHERE THE REVOLUTIONS GROW.

VENEZUELA's dilemma should redound to the public good in South and Central America. Hereafter, it will be surprising if, around the equator, the demand for presidents does not greatly exceed the supply. The woes of Castro have clearly shown that the job of chief executive is scarcely worth the revolutions planned to capture it. In Venezuela, the guns of "the peace blockade" had hardly commenced to boom before the revolution department began to revolve and Castro was attacked front and rear. A nation threatened by foes without might suspend with propriety, one would think, its differences within; but that, it appears, is not equatorial good form. Far from it. On the contrary, a foe without increases the pace within about fifty-seven revolutions to the minute; with the result that most anybody, of ordinary sense and prudence, would "rather be right than be president." At least, for the time being. It was not enough when Germany, Great Britain and sundry other powers embarrassed Venezuela with vulgar bills. The revolution department, headed by the various noble and effervescent generals, had to be called out to "overthrow" the government. With the roar of peaceful cannon in one ear and the hiss of the professional liberator in the other, President Castro deserves great credit, not for sticking to his post—that would have been expecting too much—but for dodging so dexterously and carrying his post with him. The Venezuelan incident has added another to the list of the world's mysteries. What is it South Americans see in the president business that makes them cling to it so? From the northern viewpoint, it is "one damned horrid grind." And now that events have demonstrated this country's unwillingness to pay or guarantee other people's just debts—the Monroe doctrine contains no joker—an era of semi-sanity may be hoped for to the south of us.

### INTERNATIONAL SOCIABILITY.

GREECE AND PERSIA have agreed to shake hands and be friends. They have decided—and very sensibly—that the rude behavior of one Darius, 2,393 years ago, is no longer cause for international coolness. Hence, the renewal of diplomatic relations. Of course, for courtesy's sake, the Powers will congratulate Greece and Persia and wish them every happiness, but in point of fact, the reunion is just a trifle tardy. There is more than a suspicion to that effect. In the Ancient World, a love feast between Greece and Persia would have sent the heralds scampering with hurry calls. Kings, in the neighborhood, would have tightened their belts and scanned the horizon. Uneasy would have been the rumors. But that time is past—long past. The Modern World, sad to say, is stolidly indifferent. The Dreibund goes on its way, undisturbed. The Russian bear keeps busy in the far East. England and Germany abandon not their collection agency. Persia and Greece, it seems, too long delayed their love feast—too long by a couple of thousand years—and the "barbarians" of the West have annexed their glory and strength. Had Hague conferences, peace congresses, Mark Hanna or Bishop Potter existed in the days of Darius, something might have been done in the arbitration line to soothe the feelings of Greece and Persia and hasten a truce; but, on sober second thought, it is likely that 2,393 years represent as short work as the best of them could readily make of it and do the job thoroughly. Now that they have kissed and made up, Persia and Greece are cautioned to move carefully and at half speed. The diplomatic business has changed some in the last score of centuries and pains should be taken to avoid breaks. It will be a shame, indeed, if the next run is as long as the last.

### A GOOD RESOLUTION.

Resolved herewith in 1903  
Whatever I may do,  
I'll not resolve a single thing  
Resolved in 1902.



### THE EXCEPTION.

"Now, the Congressman is allus ready to do a favor for anybody."  
"Yes; 'ceptin' the public."



MANY HAPPY RETURNS





J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



SOMEWHAT SURPRISED.

SOMNOLENT SAUNDERS.—Gee! We 're havin' a putty severe Winter, after all. I did n't expect to have to decline so many invitations to shovel snow!

A ROUND-TRIP.



O! Where is our boisterous Bella to-day?  
Tell me, too, where 's our madcap, Marie?  
The house is as still as it 's wont to be gay,  
And whoever it pleases, it pleases not me!  
A maiden demure sits a-nursing Bell's dolls,  
Another 's engrossed in May's book,  
And all that I hear is that mutter of Poll's  
And the dolorous croon of the faraway cook.  
Then, where are *my* girls on this bright  
New Year's morn?  
For I 'll none of these smug little — *thieves*!  
They 've gone on a journey? When? How?  
To what bourn?  
*In the Barque "Good Resolves" to the Port of New Leaves!*

What keeps that incorrigible Benny of ours?  
Saucy Fred, give me *his* whereabouts!  
Grimalkin 's asleep 'neath the stand with the  
flow'rs;  
From the yard nor the halls rise no deafening  
shouts.  
The lad winding wool in the corner, I vow,  
Has Benny's blue eyes and white head;  
And one I heard "Yes, Ma'am"-ing Norah just now  
Reminded me strongly (in stature) of Fred.  
Nice boys? Yes, indeed! But I want back my own,  
Though their conduct at times deeply grieves.  
So say, if you can, where the rascals have flown —  
*In the Barque "Good Resolves" to the Port of New Leaves!*

Good wife, shed no tears for the dear absentees;  
Mark my words, ere to-morrow at ten  
Our Bella's blue eyes and the brown of Marie's  
With most mischievous mischief will brim o'er again  
And when I come home for my luncheon you 'll say:  
"Freddy 's been, Oh! so trying!" and show  
Some new damage done by young Ben in his play —  
"Won't I give them a talking to, please, 'fore I go?"  
We 'll love them the more for their innocent slips,  
And to-day, if their goodness deceives,  
Remember, my dearest, how short are *our* trips  
*In the Barque "Good Resolves" to the Port of New Leaves!*  
Edward W. Barnard.



Among us Girls.

INCREDIBLE.

Some girls so very stupid are,  
(So those who claim to know insist),  
They can not think of aught to say,  
Even when they 're playing whist.

THE OXFORD.

It was the woman's custom to spank her boy with her slipper at frequent intervals.  
"There is nothing quite like an Oxford training," she would explain to visitors

OF COURSE NOT.

THE CONFIDANTE.—I knew he would propose.

THE FIANCÉE.—Did you?

THE CONFIDANTE.—Certainly! When a man considers a girl matchless he does n't want her to remain so.

IN A. D. 1935.

ANNE TEKE.—I heard Ada Gigglin say to-day that she was only twenty-five.

SADIE SERELIEF.—Well, of all the prevaricators! Why, I remember well of her having two toes frozen during the Coal Strike!



HOW FOOLISH.

PENELOPE.—Were you not surprised when he proposed?

BEATRICE.—Dear me, yes! He began by saying he wanted to talk seriously about something.

**L**ife is a procession; most of us spend our time in sitting on a fence and seeing it pass by.

JOHN S.  
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#### THE REAL SUFFERER.

FATHER.—This is going to hurt me more than you, my son.  
SON.—Hold on, Pop! Please remember that I'm the consumer in this case and you're the striker and operator.

#### OUR SYSTEM.

JOHN SMITH and Mike Murphy were both running for the same office. John Smith was an American; Mike Murphy was an Irishman. John Smith could trace his ancestry back to the "Mayflower;" Mike Murphy could trace his to the White Star line.

Mike Murphy got the boys together, gave a clambake, oiled up the machine, bought a silk hat, visited the sick and the saloons and did the Real Thing. John Smith made stump speeches, had his picture in all the papers, appeared at several public dinners and wrote a check.

Mike Murphy was elected.

At the end of a certain time John Smith went to him and said:

"Mr. Murphy, you beat me at the polls and now I want your aid. My business needs a certain amount of protection. Will you grant it?"

Mike Murphy smiled a Celtic smile.

"If you had been elected instead of me," he said, "you would n't have given your own business the protection you now ask of me. Yet you have nerve enough to come to me and ask it."

"Certainly," replied John Smith. "I am an American and you are an Irishman. Your business is politics and mine is making money. I only ran for office because I was forced into it by the respectable element, and had I been elected and protected my own business I should have been very justly criticised. But now I can ask it of you with perfect ease. See?"

"Sure!" said Mike Murphy, as he touched a button. "I ain't blind. Great system, ain't it?"

"Is n't it?" said John Smith.

Tom Masson.

#### YE RURAL SCRIBE.

"Tell ye what!" said honest Farmer Bentover, who was afflicted with ingrowing optimism. "The editor of the *Weekly Plaindealer* has got a great head. He knows all of Teddy Roosevelt's plans weeks before he knows 'em himself; and, very occasionally, as it were, when the President don't never know 'em at all."

#### PRACTICAL ECONOMY.

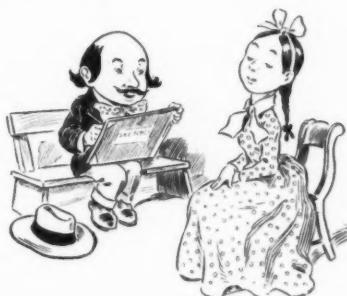
FREDDY.—What does a reformer do when he gets into office, Dad?

COBWIGGER.—Cuts every fellow's salary except his own.

#### DIPLOMATIC ART.

SHE.—I suppose you have to flatter people a great deal?

HE.—Yes. Sometimes you have to flatter them by telling them you don't.



El Principe  
de Gales



NOW  
KING  
OF  
HAVANA  
CIGARS

Made in Havana and Tampa

#### A VENGEFUL THOUGHT.

"In time," said the alarmist, "the railroads will own everything!"

"I don't care," answered the stolid kicker. "When they own all the trunks may be they'll do something to the baggage handlers who try to smash 'em."—*Washington Star*.

#### THE FOXY WOMAN.

"She's the worst sort of a gossip."

"I never heard her retailing any scandal."

"No; she leads you on until you tell it to her by wholesale, and she'll never tell you any in return."—*Philadelphia Press*.

#### MARRYING AT LEISURE.

DAUGHTER.—Mr. Nicechap has asked for my hand and I have accepted.

PAPA.—What nonsense! You are not old enough to marry.

DAUGHTER.—That's the beauty of it! I will have plenty of time to look around while I'm engaged.—*New York Weekly*.

#### A CAUTIOUS YOUTH.

"If you will be good," said the kind-hearted stranger, "you may be President of the United States."

The barefoot boy, who was evidently playing truant, took the proposal under earnest consideration before he replied:

"No, sir! You can't fool me with no promises. Father buys all the gold bricks for this family."—*Washington Star*.

No better Turkish Cigarette  
can be made

Egyptian  
Deities

Cork Tips as well

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# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

NO TIME TO SPARE.

"Ever been ter a hoss-show, Br'er  
Williams?"

"No. Bless God, hit takes all my  
time tryin' ter keep on de blind side er  
de mule!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WHEN a girl can afford to spend  
only a little on her Christmas gifts she  
belongs to the 10-20-30 class. —  
*Atchison Globe*.

"Some men bets on a hoss-race,"  
said Uncle Eben, "an' den talks about  
bein' unlucky instead o' foolish." —  
*Washington Star*.

HIS DREADFUL OFFENSE.

"Yes; they ran him out of the neighborhood, and threatened him with tar  
and feathers, and a ride on a rail, and a hempen noose, if he ever came back."

"Gracious! What had he done?"

"Suggested that the tariff could be revised."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

HOPE FOR HIM.

"Some theologians believe," remarked the grave personage, "that if one  
undergoes certain forms of punishment in this world he will be exempt from the  
same in the world to come."

"That's encouraging to me," replied Subbubs; "I've been sweating a  
good deal lately over the furnace fire."—*Philadelphia Press*.



## Bicycle Playing Cards are Favorites the world over.

When you play with "Bicycle"  
Playing Cards you Hold Good  
Cards. Sold by dealers. Popular  
price. 20 packs. Order by name.  
Design shown is "Locomobile."  
Copyrighted, 1900, by

The U. S. Playing Card Co.  
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

# Natural Whiskey

Bottled under Government super-  
vision direct from the barrel at the  
Distillery with its natural flavor,  
nothing added to or taken from it.

## Old Overholt Rye

The Act of Congress, March 3, 1897, provides that  
date of making and of bottling whiskey shall be  
plainly printed on the Government Stamp that seals  
the bottle. It also prohibits bottling whiskey less than  
four years old and provides that all bottles must be  
full measure.

Ask your Dealer—or write us—

A. OVERHOLT & CO.  
PITTSBURG, PA.

BOTTLED  
IN BOND



THE LESS OF TWO EVILS.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope you will never con-  
ceal it from me when you bet on a horse-race."

"Won't you be angry if I lose?"

"Not as angry as I would be if you were to win and not let me know  
about it."—*Washington Star*.

"He's done crossed over," the colord preacher said in the funeral sermon;  
"but it's all right wid 'im, I reckon, 'kaze de week befo' he died he took out a  
fire-insurance policy!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

NUGGETS FROM GEORGIA.

We never gits acquainted wid what dey calls Opportunity 'twel he's too fur  
out er reach ter shake han's.

Dey's sich a thing ez Wisdom gittin' so wise dat hit's ez confusin' ez two  
roads ter a man what don't know neither.

Charity is mighty fur-reachin'; but sometimes, w'en she gits fum home, she  
never fin's de way back.

De man what spen's half his life climbin' up de hill wishes, w'en he gits ter  
de top, dat he wuz de boy rollin' down it.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

THE RULING HAND.

RICHARD.—Your fourteen-year-old daughter seems to be a very capable girl.

ROBERT.—Oh, yes; she has her mother and me under perfect control.—  
*Detroit Free Press*.

# Harper Rye

"On Every Tongue."

Scientifically distilled; naturally aged; absolutely pure.  
Best and safest for all uses.

BERNHEIM BROS., Distillers, - - - Louisville, Ky.

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for its

**Delicate Flavor**

(No rank smell nor taste, so frequent in  
some brands of Olive Oil.)

Guaranteed Pure Oil of Olives  
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(Established 1836)  
LEGHORN, ITALY

# BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

SUBURBAN LIFE.

MRS. SUBBUBS.—I have been hardly able to breathe all day. Those people  
next door have been burning the dead leaves on the lawn, and the wind is in  
this direction.

MR. SUBBUBS.—Never mind, my dear! Wait till the wind turns and then  
we'll burn ours.—*New York Weekly*.

ADVISE an old man to marry a woman young enough to be his daughter,  
and he may ask if you take him for a fool, but he will not be offended.—  
*Atchison Globe*.

THERE is a rice famine in the Philip-  
pines. Heavens! but that must be a nice  
country to get married in.—*Atchison Globe*.

## BENEDICT BROTHERS,

JEWELERS.

Fine Watches, Diamonds

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*The World's Best Tonic  
Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.*

22 GOLD MEDALS

|              |      |
|--------------|------|
| LONDON       | 1862 |
| PHILADELPHIA | 1876 |
| VIENNA       | 1873 |
| CHICAGO      | 1893 |
| LONDON       | 1886 |
| BUFFALO      | 1901 |
| PARIS        | 1867 |
|              | 1878 |
|              | 1900 |

By Royal Warrant, Purveyors to His Majesty the German Emperor and the King of Prussia. Dr. Hess, the Approved Royal Prussian Apothecary, Examining Chemist and Scientific Expert, writes:

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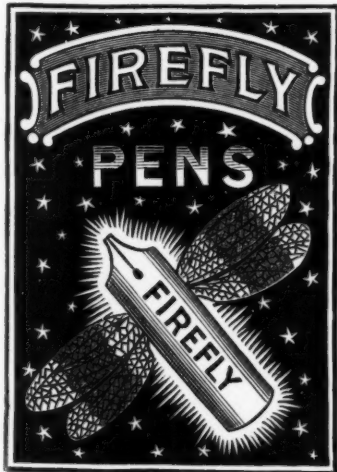
Lends the aromatic fragrance of the tropics to your liquor and strengthens the jaded stomach. The public is warned against cheap and harmful domestic substitutes and imitations. The GENUINE is manufactured only by **Dr. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS**, Trinidad, B. W. I.

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"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."  
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES.

PAPA EXPLAINS.

"Pa, what did you mean the other night when you was sleeping in a chair, by talking about a 'rakeoff'?"

"A rakeoff, my son? Oh, yes, a rakeoff. Why, you see, my boy, that when coal became scarce a lot of people got in the habit of sitting along the railroad tracks, and when a coal train would go by they'd reach up and rake a few big lumps off the cars with rakes—and that's a rakeoff."  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN a farmer is given a pair of slippers he puts them away to wear when he is past eighty and too old to work on the farm.—*Atchison Globe*.

CHURCH.—I see that fellow is making his political speeches in an automobile.

GOATHAM.—Is n't he afraid of breaking down? —*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Wid coal out er reach, en wood too high ter buy!" exclaimed Brother Dickey, "here come de miserable astronomers predictin' a 'clipse er de sun soon in de New Year!" —*Atlanta Constitution*.

Exclusively for Gentlemen  
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Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in Puck.

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish  
**Bar Keepers' Friend**  
lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25¢ 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2¢ stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 290 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

TOLD THE TRUTH.

SHE.—You told me I was the only woman you ever proposed to.

HE.—True.

SHE.—True, is it? I've heard that you've been engaged to three women.

HE.—All of them were widows, my love. They did n't wait for a proposal.  
—*New York Weekly*.

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

"I've got an idea," he said, "that th' governor's going to make me a full colonel."

"Well," replied the wife, "if he makes you any fuller than you are, he'll have to ship you a whole distillery!" —*Atlanta Constitution*.

POSSIBLE MISTAKE.

"I have a feeling that my country is calling me," said the would-be office-seeker.

"Perhaps it's only a twitch of your old rheumatism," replied his wife. "Get that liniment and rub yourself!" —*Atlanta Constitution*.

In some houses they don't know how to get ready for company without the assistance of a cabbage and the chopping bowl. —*Atchison Globe*.

"Standard of Highest Merit"

## FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

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Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

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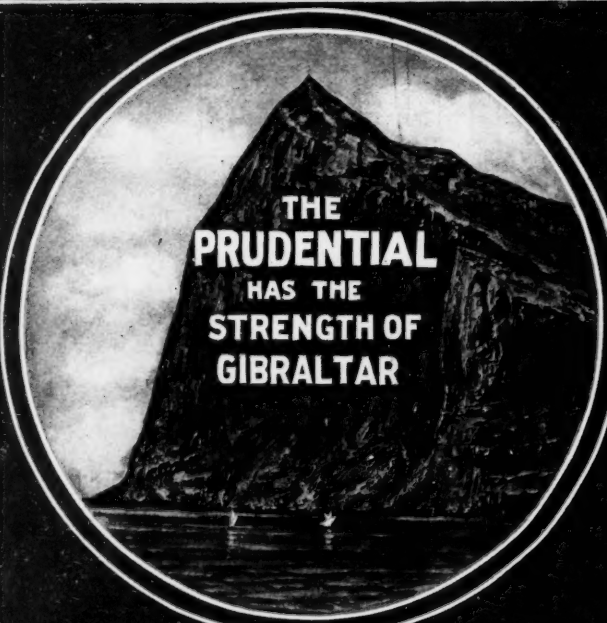
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Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.

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**THE DIFFERENCE.**  
A frowning beach, a biting wind,  
Rain-dripping clouds, bad weather;  
Yet, in my sight, all things were right,  
For we were there—together.

Deep azure skies, the ocean sleeps,  
The air is sweet and mellow;  
But I feel old, and glum, and cold,  
She's with—another fellow!

—Four-Track News.

**T**O the perfected art of brewing,  
the makers of Evans' Ale have  
successfully added the intricate  
science of bottling, an achievement  
that has resulted in

## EVANS' ALE

wresting the supremacy of the  
Ale industry from the Old World  
—another instance of American  
enterprise leading the way to  
better things and lower prices.  
Are you in step with the march of progress?  
APPLY TO NEAREST DEALER OR WRITE TO  
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.  
Established 1786.





**NESTOR  
CIGARETTES**

A STANDARD OF  
EXCELLENCE UNSURPASSED

"KEEP away f'm trouble," says  
Brother Dickey, "kaze dey 's mighty  
few mens dese days what got money  
enough ter go ter court en prove dey  
innocence."—Atlanta Constitution.



### EXPLANATORY.

MRS. JONES.—Are they getting up another Polar expedition, John?

MR. JONES.—No, my dear! They are only getting up after the one  
they got up to get up after the one they got up!

Digestion's greatest aid—Abbott's—the Original  
Angostura Bitters. A "nip" before and after every  
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PLEASANT  
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"when you do drink, drink Trimble."



"Industry—The right hand of fortune, the grave of care, and the cradle of content."


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Whiskey  
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AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

A pure rye,  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

Sole Proprietors,  
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Phila. & New York.  
ESTABLISHED 1793.

**DEWAR'S**  
SCOTCH  
WHISKY

For ye  
Holiday  
Cupboard



MRS. CRUSTY.—Do you remember our first quarrel?  
MR. CRUSTY.—Let me see! Was that going into the church, or coming out?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

VERY few real singers are willing to sing for nothing in a church choir.—*Atchison Globe.*

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SEASON OF 1902-1903.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces the following Personally-Conducted Tours for the season of 1902-1903:—

*California.*—Two Tours: No. 1 will leave New York, Philadelphia and Harrisburg January 29; No. 2 will leave February 19, and will include Mardi Gras celebration at New Orleans.

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*Old Point Comfort, Richmond and Washington.*—Four tours will leave New York and Philadelphia March 14 and 28, April 25, and May 9.

*Old Point Comfort.*—Four tours will leave New York and Philadelphia March 14 and 28, April 25, and May 9.

*Washington.*—Nine tours will leave New York and Philadelphia December 29, January 20, February 12 and 26, March 5 and 19, April 6 and 23, and May 14.

For detailed information apply to Tourist Agent, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York; 860 Fulton Street, 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.



**WHY HE EFFERVESCED.**

MRS. HANDOUT.—Oh! I have no doubt you are really needy; but you need n't effervesce so about your case.

SEEDY SIMPSON.—Oh! I can't help it, Mum;—dis is a case of extra-dry.

Tired brain and nervous tension relax under the potent action of the Original Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Label on bottle tells the Original—Abbott's.

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The  
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MILDNESS  
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At your club or dealer's

THE man who says there is no truth in the world has mistaken a mirror for the universe.  
—*Ram's Horn.*



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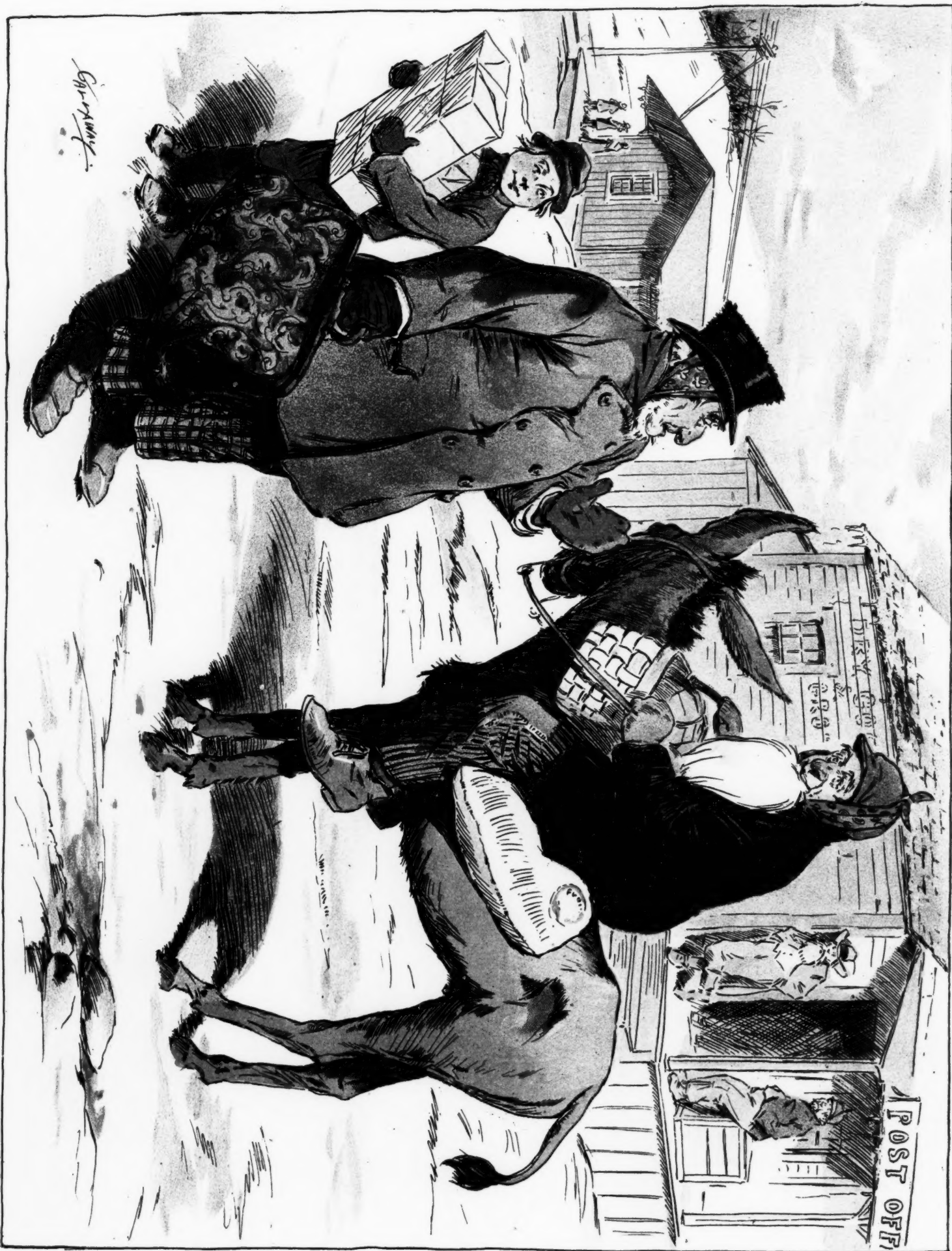
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IN response to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers are now selling them to persons wishing them to use for decorative purposes. These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

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 EZRA STUMPE.—Wall, I 'll be dinged! Now, what did he ever dew tew deserve a pension?  
 EBENEZER DOTY.—Why, I 'll bet he swore a hundred an' fifty affydavits, if he swore one!